# TIS Merrie vvhen Gossips meete..



AT LONDON,
Printed by W. W. and are to be fold
by George Leftus at the Golden
Ball in Poter\_bead Alley.
1602.





#### GENTLEMEN.

Haucer, our famous rever'nt English Poet
When Canterbury tales he doth begin,
(Such as have red his auncient verses know it)
Found store of Guests in South-warke at an Inne,
The Taberd cald, where he himselfe then lay,
And bare them Pilgrimes company next day.

A Kentish iourney they togither tooke,
Towards Canterbury marching nine and twentie
Knight, Marchant, Doctor, Miller, Squire & Cooke,
Scholler, and Saylor, with Good-fellowes plentie,
But of blithe VV enches scarcitic he hath
Of all that Crue nove but the wise of Bathe.

A London Tauerne puts their Inne downe then
Wherein three Citizens; Wile, Widdow, Mayde,
Did kindely meete, and talke, and drinke like men,
And one spent more then sixe of tother payde.
Not penny a quart, dull Ale, nor drowsic Beere
But spritely wine, that makes the wit shine cleere.

S. R.







#### A Conference betweene a Gentleman and a Prentice.



Hat lacke you Gentle-man? see a new Booke new come toorth, fir: buy a new Booke fir.

New Booke Ly'it: Faith I can Gentleman. fee no prettie thing come toorth to my hamours liking. There are

some old Bookes that I have more delight in then your new, if thou couldit helpe me to them.

Troth fir, I thinke I can show you as many of all Premier.

forts as any in London, fir. Can't helpe mee to all Greenes Bookes in one Gentleman.

Volume? But I will have them every one, not any wanting.

Sirs I have the most part of them, but I lacke Conny-catching, and some halfe dozen more : but I thinke I could procure them. There be in the Towne I am forecan fit you: have you all the Parts of Pafquill, fir ?

All the Parts, why I know but two, and those Gentleman. lye there upon thy stalle, them I have: but no other am I yet acquainted with.

A 3

Oh,



Prentice.



#### A Conference betweene

Prentice.

Oh, sir, then you have but his Mad-cappe, and his Fooles-cappe, there are others besides those: looke you heere, a prettie Booke Ile assure you sir. T'is his Melancholy, sir: and ther's another and you please sir: heer's Morall Philosophy of the last edition.

Gentleman.
Prentice.

What's that with Nashes name to it there?

Marry fir, t'is Pierce Penny-lesse, fir; I am fure you know it: it hath beene a broad a great while fir.

Gentleman.

Oh, I thou say'st true, I know't passing well: is that it. But were's the new Booke thou tel'st me off,

which is it?

Prentice.

Marry, looke you sir, this is a prettie odde conceit, Of a Merrie meeting heere in London, betweene a

Wife, a Widdow, and a Mayde.

Gentleman.

Merrie meeting, why, that Title is stale: Ther's a Booke cal'd, T'is merry when knaues meete. And ther's a Ballad, T'is merry when Malt-men meete: and besides, there's an olde Proucibe, The more the merrier: And therefore I thinke sure I have seene it.

Premice.

You are deceived fir, Ile assure you, for I will bee deposed vpon all the Bookes in my Shoppe that





#### Gentleman and a Prentice.

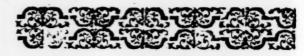
that you have not seene it; t'is another manner of thing then you take it to bee, fir: For I am fure you are in Lous, or at least will bee, with one of these three: or fay you deale but with two, The Widdow and the Mayde; because the Wife is another mans commoditie: is it not a prettiething to carry Wife, Mayde, and widden in your pocket, when you may as it were conferre and heare them talke togither when you will? nay more, drinke togither: yea, and that which is a further matter; vtter their mindes, chuse Husbands, and censure Complectionss and all this in a quiet and friendly fort, betweene themselues and the pinte-pot, or the quart quantitie, without any swaggering or squabbling, till the Vintners pewter-bearer in a Boyes humour gaue out the laugh at them.

Thou say'st well, be-like thy Booke is a confuring kinde of Booke for the Femenine Spirits,
when a man may rayle three at once out of his
pocket.

Truely fir, Ile affure you, you may make vertious vie of this Booke divers wayes, if you have the grace

Prentice.





A Conference.

to vie it kindly; as for ensample: fit alone privately in your Chamber reading of it, and peraduenture the time you bestow in viewing it, will keepe you from Dice, Tauerne, Bawdy-house, and so foorth.

Gentleman.

Nay, it your Booke be of such excellent quallitie and rare operation, wee must needes have some Traffique together. Heere take your money, i'st sixe-pence?

Prentice.
Gentleman,
Prentice.

I certaine tis no lesse, sir: I thanke yee sir. What is this an Epistle to it?
Yes for-sooth: yes th's Deficated:

TO ALL THE PLEA-

Gentle ... omen thacare friends to mirth, and enemie to dull Melancholy.





To all the pleasant conceited London Gentlewomem, that are friendes to mirth, and enemies to dull Melancholy.

Inde Gentlewomen of the kinder fort,

V hich are no kindred unto dogged natures:

Though some of you keepe pressie Curs for sport,

Yet you your selves become no currish creasures s

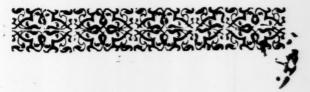
But in your mirth have good conceipts and wittie,

True London bred in England's samous Cissie.

To you this merry meeting is presented,
As the best worthy for to entertaine it.
It scornes the singers of the discontented,
And bids a sigge for them that do distaine it:
It's not for sullen sad-ones, pecuish brane,
That nothing but the Asses vertues have...

The lumpish leaden melancholy thought,
That's next dore-neighbour to a frantique braine,
Whose doltish understanding's good for nought,
And is an out-cast to a pleasaunt vaine:
Smyling as often as Powles-steeple dannees;
Let her goe lowre with crabbed Kate and Fraunces,

. Und





#### To the Gentle-women Readers.

And take her liquor by the Dram and ounce?
With Fatth I cannot drinke, cry fie, and frowne,
Let her all good Societie renounce.
And turne a feurusy barren witted clowne:
She is too base, in any Common-wealth,
To be at drinking of a Gossips health.

Let such go keepe their chamber and their dyet,

And looke as pale as any Pattis plaster,

And let their busbands neuer live in quiet

Vnlesse the Fanne and Farthing-zale be master:

And let them be quen at the best they can

Both crosse-consumers, and crosse lucke to man.

Their lines are nothing els but fretfull humours?
They know not how to thinke a courteous thought?
Their tongues are froolne with pria's corrupted tumbrs
Turne Inside out-ward, all's (alike) starke naught.
Then let them be casheer'd and walke aloofe,
Such paltry wenches are not Clartet-proofe.

But





#### To the Gentle-women Readers.

But as for you good liquor taking Dames.

That prove most friendly in your dayly greesings

And do descrue right louing God sponomes,

The Pint and quart being witnes to your meeting

VV hy much good de'c, o ay sit yee merry all,

For t'other Pynt to make is even, call.

Who hath to do with what you pleafe to take, a
It is well knowne to be your owne you frend
To every foole account ye need not make,
You pay for that you have and there in end:
There's many deale upon the force for wine,
When they fooded pay forget the Vine acres Syne.

You are like Dido that Jame famous Queene
That dranke a health woto he wandring Princes
Such a Carrowse, the like halb not beene seene
In Carchage, to that hours nor believe since:
She ply'd him with the VV inc in golden Cup,
Turning the liquor in the bostome up.

B 1

50





#### To the Gentle-women Readers.

So did Semiramis, King Ninus wife,

VV hen she obtayn d three dayes to rule the Crowns
She proou d a good companion ali her life,
And hand to hand dranke ali her Nobles downe:

And all chiefe VV enches at a Gossips feast,
She made them Ladyes enery one at least.

Cato, for wisedome being surnamed the Wile,
I he learned and the wisty sentence speaker,
Did marrie one sust of the Gossips sise:
And in discretion neuer sought to breake her:
Though he the art of knowledge did prosesse,
She would not drinke a droppe of VV ine the losse.

Therefore you shall not greatly need to care,
For enery busic tongue that doth abust-you:
But if that in a private roome you are,
And have a Drawer that good VV ine will chuse-you,
VV sth frolique myrth this measure still applie,
Tune your Tongues low, take not a Cuppe soo hie.

FINIS.





#### In Commendation of this Booke.

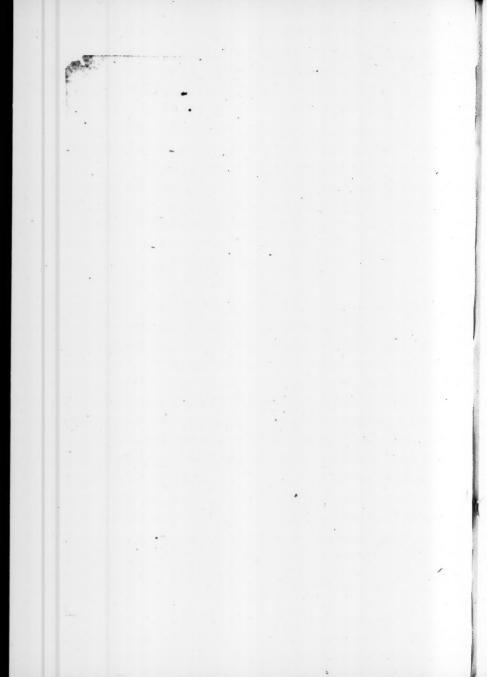
Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is thou are passing writie:
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vayne will strike;
And if they should, (in fayth) the more twere pittle.
Thou meddl'it not with U uses which civil bee,
But Widdowes wanton; Mayaes of mean'it degree:
What reason then have envious, envie thee?

Thou art not seated in a sumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maiestie:
Thy table is not deckt with costly fayre,
Thy servants at a call, Anon will crie:
In deed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No spurre to Enuie, nor no prop for Strife)
Good Wine which cheer's a VViddon, Mayde, or VVite.

Thou art not thwack't with baudy riball'd stuffe,
Nor doost thou touch in ought a vertuous creature,
Thou need'th not care though Vice at thee do snuffe,
A vicious man is like a fyric Measure,
Which she was farre off a terror to the eye:
Yet as a flash of lightning toone doth dye:
But thou of Mirth and not of heat art framed,
A Gosspi friendly meeting art thou named.

10h. Strange.







#### Tis merrie vyhen

Golsips meete.

The Conference.

Ood dea'ne (weet Coulen, Ich! how de'e do? When shall we cate another Dagger Tye? You are a ftranger : Chrift! when met we two? I mule you do not call as you go by t What luckie bufinetle pra'v hain brought you hither That we thould meete at Tanenne-doore togither.

In trueth (kinde Cousse) my comming's from the Parme, But I protett I toft ny labour theare : A Gentle-man promi'il to give me Lawne, And did not meete me, which he well shall heare. Some lets may happen in the way voknown.

He hath beene hindred that's to bide vpon.

vvid Wife.

Why how now Beferto palle vnleene do'ft thinke? Where go'll my wench' (Befe) To ice my brother Stenen. Heer's Widdow, Wafe and Mayde: E'raith less drinke A parting Pynt, and to God make vs evens Slippe in good Conien, you are next the doore, Won Pynt of Kindnetse and away no more.

UVid





Mile. No in good faith: in troth I snuft away,
My Husband's forth, our Shoppe must needes be tended.

My Mothers gone to Church, I cannot stay:
If I be found from home, shee'le be offended.

Widd. Ile leade the way my selfe: Lord heer's alife,
I know these shifts since I was Mayde and Wife.

Where shall we bee (Vint.) I pray go vp the staires.

Wife. Good Cousen no, let's take it standing heere.

Bestrew me then; where every one repayres,
lle none of that, wee'le have a roome my deere.

Come, come, you looke that I shall be your leader,

Cousse, that's because you are a nimble treader.

Vint. Y'are welcome Gentle-women: what Wine drinke ye?
Wid. All's one to me: what fay you mistris Besse!
What Wine's the best for our complections thinke ye?
I have no Phiscke. (Wise.) Yet good brother gesse.
Wid. Why, ha'st good Clarret? (Umr.) I, the best in London.
Either fill good: be briefe: or leave't yndon.

Heere





Heere Gentle-women this is neate and pure.

Pra'y tatte it Couffe, you know good Wine and Beere.

Good Lord, good Lord that you grow fo demure.

Let's drinke tamilier, wherefore come we heere?

This to you both, Couffe Grace, and mistrelle Beffe;

A: ull Carowfe, lle haue you pledge no lesse.

Mm. VV fe. VV sd.

T'is pretie wine in trueth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,
If here were men I would not drinke it vp
For twentie pounds my felfe, but now al's one:
Sometime wet lip, and finell the wine's enough,
And leefe a kiffe, rather then marre out ruffe.

But now let's barre diffembling to be merrie
And in good earnest encertaine our wine:
This touch and taste, makes the sences wearie,
What reason now wee should be foolish fine?
No louer nor no suter's here that sees-it!
We have good time, and siquor, let's not leefe-it.

Contens





#### Tis merrie vyhen

Wife. Content(say 1) nay Befe, lie be thy skinker.

Mayd. In trueth(for-sooth) a full cup doth excell,

Good Lord, I am become a mightie drinker.

Wid. Another pint : the fellow v?d vs well.

I by my troth the wine is good in trueth,

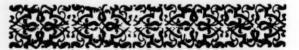
Fill t'other pint (Wid.) Pre'thee go right sweet youth.

Wife. Now Cusse, heere's to our stiendes in Soper-lane.
Wife. Let come sweete Cousen, I will pledge them ail.
UVid. But Iesu-Christ! what is become of Iane?
UVid. Oh, she is gone to dwell by Londom-wall.
UVid. Good God (in sooth) I neuer was more merry
Then when we both did dwell in Bucklers-berry.

UUIL

Now hean'nly Christ, how pleasant we have bin:
But yet won time we had a cruell stirre,
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.
I pra'y, what she with him, or he with her?
Fayth both in loue: well same's an honest Mayde,
But Lord the prankes that we mad-wenches playde.

My





My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee beeing very ill,
To leave the Cittie, and goe lie in Kent,
By which good hap we had the house at will.
There Roper, sane, and I, met every night.
Heere Bese: good brother fill's a quart of White.

Wife.

No Musique in the evenings we did lacke,
Such dauncing, Coussen, you would hardly thinke its
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sacke,
T'would do a Wench good at the hart to drinke it,
Such store of tickling Galliardes, I do yow
Not an olde daunce, but Iban come historie more.

Wid

And let them talke and prayle the marriage life
To be full of pleafure, as they fay,
I that have hu'd both Widdow, Mayde, and Wife,
And try'd all pleafures every kinde of way
Know what to doo; and will maintaine this flill,
That of the three, Maydes have the world at will.

2

E'faith





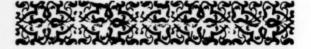
### Tis merrie vvhen

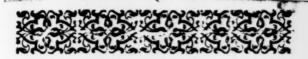
E'faith they have, and have not, for you know t
(Put to the doore her's none but firends you fee)
They fay love creepeth where it cannot go,
Maydes must be married, least they mar'd should bee,
I will be sworne, before I saw fifteene,
I wish't that I my wedding day had seene.

Tush tittle, tatle: Bese, it must be done.
My cousin thinkes not as her words import
I could not for a world have lived a Nun:
Oh, slesh is frayle, we are a sinfull fort.
I know that beauteous wenches are enclinde,
To harbour hansome men within their minde.

Cousen you meane because a Mayde is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vinder
She lines a life not bound so much as wee,
The left is simple and it makes me wonder
That you which have with Venus sports beene sed,
Should put such errours in a Maydens he d,

Nay





Nay, but I pray you understand my reason:
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know that all the woing season
Sutors with gifts continuall seeke to gaine
Their Mittresse love, to some with their aff ction
With words and Lyues, humbled in all subjection,

That's very true, the bountie of their Loues
Are lib'rail flill with many a kinde relipect,
In conference I had tweentie paire of Gloues
When I was Mayrie giu'n to that effect:
Gutters Kinnes, Purfes, Giroles, ftore of Rings,
And many a hundred daintie pretie things.

Well, Cousen well, those daies in date be past, 2 is very true with vs that world doth change. Here stands a Cup of wine, pray who dranke last? Why that did I to Best Lord I Maydes be strange, They looke for thousand words of sweet and pray And take sew things to which they say not nay.

, Tis

UUIL

VVid





Mayde. T'is Maydens modestie to vse denyall,

A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.

Wid. Put here's a cup of Wine doth stand for tryall,

Your Mayden-ship takes liquor in too nice:

Pray mende your fault, kinde Bese, wee'le none of that,

Wine and Virginitie kept stale, drinke flat:

Wid. You are to blame, in trueth we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed.

Wid. Tut wench, God knowes when we shall meete agen:
Nor neede we feare of husbandes to be blamed,
Our cent of Wine, shall not by them be felt,
The married Wite in kissing will be smelt.

Wife. Oh Cusseis that be all the worst, I care not, le take allowance euen with the best;
This cup to you, you shall not say I dare not:
My Husband smell; oh ses, there's a sest,
I care as little for my Husbands smelling,
As any Wench this houre in London dwelling,

Tis





T'is well you need not; fure I take him kinde.
As kinde a man as woman need to lie-with.
Would I as well were fitted to my minde,
A louing Man who would not liue and die with?
My Husband did to other Loues encline,
Nay, mine is conflant by this cup of Wine.

Wid. VV de. Majde.

wid, Wye,

Now Chall, how Wines and Widden as take occasions
I'm-large their Hubbandes ere lites, or dispray te:
Some harbour icalous thoughtes, some kinde perswasionss
In some match mensia some the women strayes:
And when they meete, they do discourse and scan
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Magd

Alar (good Befi:) thou speak'st thou know'st not what,
Thy judgement is not worth a Wallnut-shells
There's an old grave Proverbe tell's vs that
Such as die Maydas, doe all lead Apes in hell:
I rather while I live, would yeerely marry,
Then waighting-mayde on such preferment tarry.

Wife.

C4

That





That Prouerbs proofe can do you little flead \$ Mayte. But married Wines oft giue and take luch claps, Tanus forules and guides their husbands head. That every night they fleepe in H ma-worke caps: I pra'y what Proverbe is it that allowes The Diuels picture on your husbands browes.

Enough you wrangling wenches, fi: for fhame: Take me in drinke, leave out our afoutation. Pra'y brother, fill a pynt more of the fame. Couten, belike you meane to drinke in fashion,

Wid.

Wife.

We shall be trim'd and have our wits refin'de E'faith we shall sif you may have your minde.

Now to your husband Couffe, this full Carrowfe, Wid. Intrueth I pleadge you, and I thanke you truelie; Wife. To all our friends Bef , at your mothers house, Thankes gentle Mittrelle Grace, I dranke but newlie. Mayde. Beshrew my heart this wine is not the worst. Wif:. Wid.

Good-faith me-thinkes t'is better then the fieft.

But





But Coullen, pre-thee art not yet toward marriage?
Truely I am, and am not as it stands:
A Gentle-man of passing gallant carriage
Doth ply me hard, won that hars presse lands:
Hantomer man neuer in shooe did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

Wife. VVid.

To try his loue fometimes I faine me ficke,
And by this Candle he will fit and weepe.
Now by my troth that's e'ne my Good-mans tricke,
Let me complaine: Christ what a quoyle heele keepe,
Asking what ailes my sweet-heart, tell mee honnie,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Connie.

Wife.

See, see, how sa'y: but sirra Coussen than
I force a sigh with halfe a douzen grones:
This comes (sayes he)to lie without a man,
My Husband sayes, kinde Loue thou breed'st yong bones
Well lohn (say I) you iest to see my paine,
Then by this wine, the foole will weepe againe.

Couffe





#### Tis merrie vyhen

Wid. Coulle, you are happie you have such a one,
Make much of him: a newell Wench thou hasts
But I had won would let me grone, and grone,
The veriest Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,
If he had liu'd Coussen, I do protest
I would have done a thing: well, let that rest.

Ile neuer trust a red-hair'd man againe,
If I should live a hunered yeeres that's flat,
His turne can not be served with one or twaine.
And how can any woman suffer that?
I know t'is better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in such a case flesh leades we to it.

Why, is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?
What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?

Wid. Not won among a hundred trew t'his Wise,
That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of Greece,
From every Wench to gaine a golden Fleece.

And





And they whole mindes have this corrupt infection, (Because I would have Bess to take good heede)

Are such as be call'd Sangains of complexion,

I pre-thee Girle, let no such Sutor speede.

I speake it by experience and good tryall,

Of all haire-colours give that haire deniall.

A Nut-browne colour, or an About either May both do well, and are to be allow'd:

A Waxen-colour hath no great fault neither,
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It shall by me perpetual be abhor'd,
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard scemes sear'd with sprites there bin,
That wants the bountious grace, length, bredth, & thicknes
And hath no difference twixt his note and chin,
But all his haires have got the falling sicknes,
Whose fore-front lookes like Jack-an Apes behinde,
She that can love him beares a securey-minde.

2

Ipray





#### Tis merrie vyhen

Wife.

I pra'y what fay you to my husband then?
The rar'st complection that you can deuise.
The golden Sentence proues blacke-bearded men
Are precious pearles in beauteous womens eies:
Their loyall hearts none justly can controule,
I loue a blacke-man, cousen, with my souls.

Wee.

Let Besse note this, for when I was a Mayd,
And to the love of men began to bow,
I gave great eare to that which women sayd,
When they were merry met as we are now:
Yea, and my mother did perswade me too,
Wench (would she say) note what your elders doo,

That Lesson without booke was straight mine owne, Shee needed not repeate it ouer twice:
I quickly smelt what t'was to line alone,
What to be kinde in Loue, what to be nice.
Anan, anan; what i'st (for-sooth) you lacke?
Sauccages, brother, and a pynt of Sacke,

Vost.

N



No more in fadnesse, now, t'is time to part,
In conscience it is like a clocke at least.

Wee'le have a reckoning after t'other quart,
They say enough's as good as any seast,
Indeede my wench, enough's a feast that's right.
But we want that, which lie alone all night.

You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whole fault i'll but your owne, you do not marrie?
God made not Besse to line a Mayden (till,
Faith t'is my nothers counsell that I tarrie:
She alwaies saies when yong men come a woing,
Stay daughter, stay: you must not yet be doing.

Now in good faith your mother is to blame

To wish so womanly a wench to stay.

She knowes fifteene may husband instille clame.

Fifteene! why I was that last Lady-day:

You are deceived for I am no such youth,
I am sixteene, when next March comes in truth,

D 3 Beshrew

VV do.

Mayd





Wird, Beshrew my hart but that's a goodly time,
I would to Christ that I could say so too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my mother what to doo.
No, I could tell I trow, as well as shee,
Toward Batchellers how Maydens ought to bee.

Mayde, I, I know some thing too; but what of that?
Our Parents willes (you know) must be obay'd.

Wife. Well, say they must; yet shall I tell you what
A Scholler tolde me when I was a Mayde;
Of marriage knot they have no power to breake-it:
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake-it.

Wid.
T'was nothing but found trueth which he did tell,
For Husbands, we out Parents must forsake.

Wife.
Word.
Word.
Fayth I was thinking on it when you spake,
Mayde.
My mother sayes burnt Sacke is good at night.
A'my word Brife, your mother's in the right.

Brother





Brother, I pre-thee let this Wine be burn'd,
And (ce (good youth) the Sauceages be ready,
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,
When Sacke is fugerd t'will not be so heady.
We drinke so much my checkes are passing warme.
Sweete Elfaberb, good Wine can do no harme.

VV se.

Mayde.

Yet trust me Coussen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no Young-man could get me to-it
Neither for love, gold, precious slones, or pearler
My tongue deney'd when heart Inclyn'd to do it.
For by my fayth I ever lon'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was so Mayden-fine.

Well wot you Beffe, to whom lle drinke too now,
Sure as I live, vote your fifter Sife,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And fent it for a token: trueth halfe this:
He loves you both, voon my word he doth,
Refolue it, or you wrong him Teffe, in foth.

TVid

His

0 4





Mayde. His love to me I little do regard,
Pethaps my fifter doth respect it more.

Wid. Then Etfabeth in truth you vie him hard.
How hard' he had his answere long before:
I will not love him what to e're befall,
Ile have a hansome man, or none at all.

Wid.

Mayde,

Wid.

Mayde,

Wid.

Mayde,

Mayd

Ile haue a comelie man from head to foote,

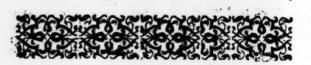
1 whose neate limbes no blemish can be spi'd

Whose leg shall grace his stocking or his boote,

And weare his rapier manlie by his side:

With such a one my humour doth agree,

He shall be welcome to my bed and me,



Befo



Marry wee'le beare you witnes when you will, lie take my oath on twentie Table-bookes, The last full cup hath made you mighticill: some Rossa-folis: see how pale she lookes, Another pynt of that she tasted last, To breake winde with, and then the worst is past,

wii.

Good(efayth) good, my Cusse is in the vaine,
lle match you for it, wench, I hold a Crowne,
Fill mone valesse you'le drinke about againe.
Content, say I, you cannot put me downe.
How say'st thon Bese, shall it be so girle, speake?
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake.

Wife.

**UVid** 

Mayd

Talke not so loude, what will folke thinke that heares?
The very Vintners Boy laugh?d when you spake,
Had I seene that, I would have found his eares;
Why maister Boy, wee'le pay for that we take,
Base groome, I say, although thou tak'st me mellow.

Wife. Widd

Know (mooth fac'd Knaue, I am your Mistreffe fellow.

F

Good





Good Lord! what ayles my coufen be fo hot? Wife. Tulh, let it paffe, you know Boyes fawcie be. It shall not be forgiuen nor forgot: Widd. Your maister lives (you flave) by such as we. Call for a reck'ning: let's know what's to pay, By heau'ns, I scorne a minute more to stay.

Vent.

Wid.

Brother, I pra'y, is it your Maisters minde, Your fellow Boy Mould flout guetts when they drinke? My maillers will is for to yfe you kinde. T'will scath him more my friend, then he do think : What is thy name? (Um.) Forfooth, an't please yee, vvill. What Countreyman ? (Vint.) Forfooth, at Fishtlreet hill.

VVilliam, we come not heere to be abused. There are more Tauerns beside your's in towns, Wee can go where the might be courteous vied, In truth for footh my fellowes but a Clowne. Ut diam, we have some credit where we dwell:

And William, Boyes should vie their betters well,

For





For William, fay the case were but your owne
And that you were as we are at this season
With triends a drinking where you are not knowne
Would you be souted! (Vin.) By my faith no reason.
William, thou answer'll like a Youth of sence,
For furely William, t'is a great offence.

Wid.

And William, I would have you understand,
We'le pay your Maist er for the wine we have?
O Lord for footh, as fure as in my hand.
William, wee come not to entreat or craue?
Wee met togither "Uilliam, at your doore,
And entred for a pynt, which falles out more.

Vin. UVid

William, we will not be beholding (fee-yee)
Vnto your Maister more shen to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come tee-yee,
Or farewell VVilliam, and you were my brother,
And therefore VVilliam, this abuse we scorne,
For we are London Gentle-momen borne.

Fa

Good





Wid. Good William, know: heer's neither Cife nor Kate,
Umt. No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.
Wid. Thinkes sawce your fellow, we've Parrots prate,
William, our talke is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to heare it.
No, by this Cup. (Vint.) Efaith you need not sweare it.

Vint. Forsooth, I trust your wine was very good.

William, I grant, the wine was not amisse,
But that base Boy, hath vext me to the blood,
A man, William, would neere have offer'd this:
The Proverbe sayes t'is manners that doth make t
Uvilliam, Gine guests good words for manners sake.

Visit. Wid. Villiam, when cam's thou in this house to dwell
For so th about three yeeres agon, last May,
Wid. Villiam, serue God, and pleate thy master well,
T'will be thine owne villiam, an other day,
Your master's maris'd, villiam, is he not?
Yest for so they yes, a mistresse I have got.

will.





William, your Maister hath no children by-her?
No, forsooth, but I thinke she be with childe,
To haue a Boy she hath a great desire.
So would not I, William, for Boyes be wilde,
Though Girles cry, William, till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take boyes who list.

Widdow. Um.

Wid

Cousen you do forget your selfe, me-thinke,
When Best and I come home, we shall be chid.
Pray fill the cup to William, let him drinke.
In trueth forsooth t'is the last thing I did.
Good William, drinke t I pree-thee William, doo.
Forsooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too.

UVife. Widdow. Vmt. Wefe.

William, let's know to pay and theres an end,
Marry, for footh three shillings and a penny.
UVilliam, lay downe their mony, none shall spend
Consen, and Besse, pra'y do not offer any.
Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late,
William, good night, pree-thee take up thy place.

Unt.

PINIS.

S. R.





